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Pen and Picture Pointers

JOHN J. MCCARTHY, the republican candidate for congress in the Third Nebraska district, also comes under the head of young men who have grown up with the west. Mr. McCarthy is a native of Wisconsin and 45 years of age. He came to Nebraska when quite a young man and studied law in the office of Horace Garfield at David City. On being admitted to the bar, in 1882, he began his practice in Dixon county, where he still lives, at Ponca. He has been successful, both in law and in politics. Three terms he filled as county attorney of Dixon county, and twice has been elected to the legislature. His serv-



MRS. FRANK A. KENNEDY OF OMAHA, PRESIDENT WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

ice as a member of the lower house in the Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh general assemblies was such as to attract to him much attention from the people of the state. He displayed signal ability, both on the committees of which he was a member and on the floor, where he was a leader. As an attorney he built up a lucrative practice and established an excellent reputation. He is esteemed throughout the district he aspires to represent in congress as a man of integrity and ability. Mr. McCarthy was married in Butler county, Nebraska, to Miss Nellie B. McGowan, and they have a family of seven children.

Nebraska's inland towns have one feature of which they are all proud, and with good reason. This is their volunteer firemen. Protection of property from destruction by fire is a duty just as imperative in a small community as in a large one, and as the smaller towns cannot afford the expense of maintaining a well equipped department, manned by paid professional fire fighters, it is necessary for the citizens themselves to

organize to combat the destroyer. While these volunteer organizations are frequently equipped with antiquated and inadequate apparatus, they often accomplish wonders in the way of heading off fires, and they always work willingly and vigorously. It requires something more than patriotism or neighborly feeling to induce a man to bounce out of his warm bed on a winter's night, dress hurriedly in the garments nearest to hand and rush wildly across the village in answer to the fire bell's brazen clangor. This extra inducement is provided by the uncertainty as to the location of the fire. It is the thought that it may be his store on fire that spurs him on, or the secondary thought that if it isn't his this time, it may be next time. No other condition could be so potent for a community of interest as this. Young men of the community enter because the work of training gives them excellent outlet for surplus energy, and an opportunity for frequent trials of skill and agility in a line of athletics to excel in which brings no mean distinction. Once each year in Nebraska these trials take the form of a volunteer firemen's tournament, where the hose teams and hook and ladder teams compete for supremacy in running, laying hose, making couplings, climbing ladders and otherwise exhibiting and testing their knowledge and adroitness at what they may be called upon to do in actual service at a fire. At Grand Island recently was held the annual tournament of the Nebraska Volunteer Firemen's association, and an unusual number of teams took part in the competition.

While the National Society, Army of the Philippines, was in session at Council Bluffs, its deliberations were watched with great interest, not only by the soldiers who had served in our island possessions, but by the public generally. For not a great deal was generally known of this newest of soldier orders, which was still in its formative stage when General Irving Hale, the president, called its third annual session to order, and there was some curiosity as to what might be expected of it. One thing which first impressed the outsider was the character of the men who were in attendance as delegates and visitors. Names that have been written large in the annals of the United States were found plentifully on the rolls of the society. These and the business-like way in which the body went about the disposition of such matters as were brought before it soon put the outside world at ease as to the National Society, Army of the Philippines. It is to be one of the great socio-military organizations of the United States. While its general form was somewhat nebulous when its third meeting commenced, when the delegates finally adjourned the society had crystallized into a compact, concrete organization, and was ready to go ahead along definite lines to a definite destiny. Its most ardent promoters expressed themselves as well pleased with what was accomplished at Council Bluffs, and all look forward to a most enthusiastic reunion and reception at St. Paul next year.

Mrs. Frank A. Kennedy went to Cincinnati with a definite idea in her head, and as a result came home the head of a new national organization of which something is sure to be heard from in the world of organized labor. It is the Woman's Auxiliary to the International Typographical union. For several years local auxiliaries have existed in a number of cities, being made up of the female relatives of the union printers. Tentative debate as to the organization of a national body with recognition from the International union, but no definite action had been had prior to this year. Women

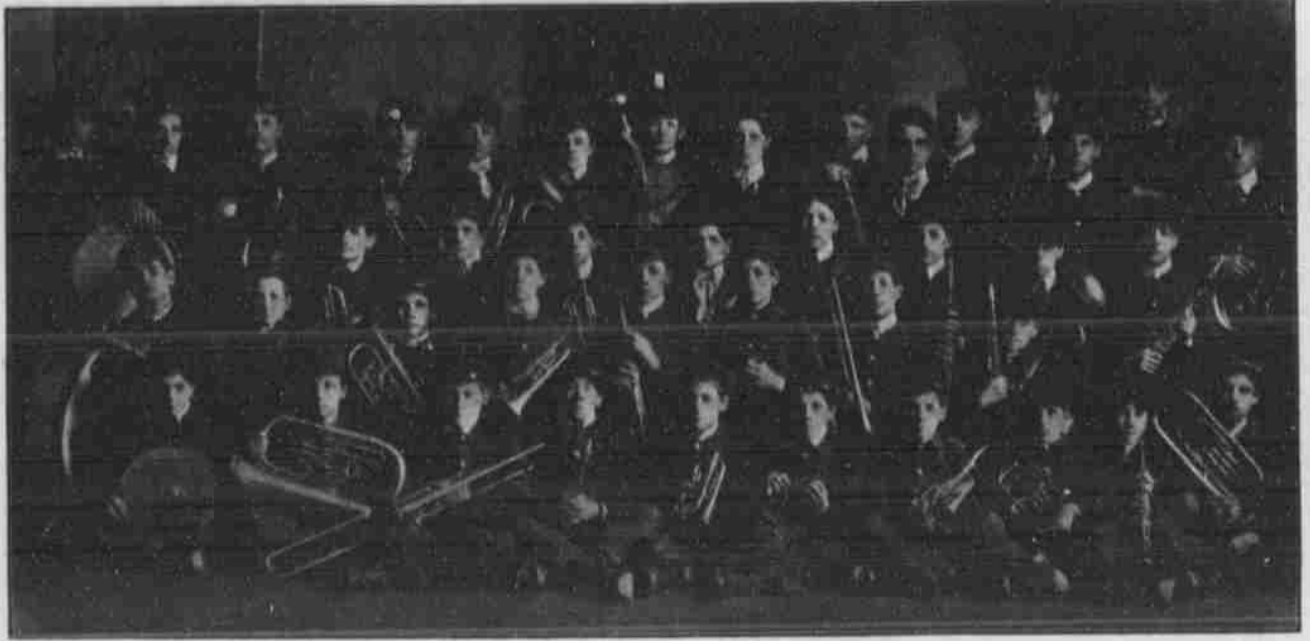
representing the auxiliary had attended former sessions of the central body of the printers' union, but never in the numbers that were in attendance at the late jubilee convention in Cincinnati. Here the matter was put to the men in the form of a resolution definitely recognizing the auxiliary. Opposition was encountered among the women themselves, and a contest which extended over several days was won by the advocates of the auxiliary. It received recognition and endorsement from the central body of the best organized and strongest of trades unions and has become a part of its general scope. Mrs. Kennedy took an active part in the fight for recognition and was rewarded by her sisters by being made the first president of the Woman's Auxiliary to the International Typographical Union of North America.

Mrs. Alice C. Dilworth, for the second time elected to the position of supreme chancellor of the Pythian Sisterhood, has resided in Omaha for three years, coming to this city from Lincoln in the spring of 1899. She has been identified with the order since its formation and was the first chancellor commander of a lodge of the order in the state, which she was instrumental in organizing at Hastings in 1888. Previous to her elevation to the position of supreme chancellor in 1900, at the Detroit meeting, she had filled the offices of supreme prelate and supreme vice chancellor. Mrs. Dilworth is a native of Iowa—born at Waterloo in 1857. She has resided in Nebraska since 1874, living during that time in Hastings, Lincoln and Phelps county. The Pythian Sisterhood is not an auxiliary to the Knights of Pythias, that position being held by the Rathbone Sisters, but all members of the Sisterhood must be related to members of the Knights of Pythias, although the knights themselves are not admitted to membership. There are four lodges of the order in the state, one each at Lincoln, Hastings, Havelock and Ravenna. A lodge will be instituted at Omaha this fall. The order in the United States has a membership of about 10,000.

The Iowa Industrial school boys' brass band is a unique organization which was organized by Prof. F. P. Fitzgerald, now superintendent of the Girls' Industrial school at Mitchellville, while he was instructor of music at the Eldora institution. The band numbers about forty-five pieces, each musician is a boy under 18 years of age and all have proven themselves choice

musicians and masters of their instruments. They are continually receiving offers to play at various festivities, but Superintendent Miles is very particular where they are allowed to go, and they seldom leave the school campus. Prof. John M. Merrill of Michigan now has charge of the band, and they are rehearsing a beautiful cantata, which will be presented for the benefit of the 500 inmates of the school this winter.

James L. Farrington of Iowa Falls, Ia., who is now serving his first term as president of the National Federation of Retail Implement and Vehicle Dealers' Associations, is one of the best known implement dealers in the west. For three years Mr. Farrington served as president of the Iowa Implement Dealers' association, retiring last fall. For thirty years Mr. Farrington has been engaged in the implement and vehicle business and is conversant with every subject touching the welfare of a big industry. The big federation of which Mr. Farrington is the chief executive embraces dealers' associations in the following states and territories: Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Missouri, Indian Territory, Texas, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Mr. Farrington is the senior member of the firm of Farrington & Taylor



BOYS' BAND AT THE IOWA STATE REFORMATORY, ELDORA, Ia.



MRS. ALICE C. DILWORTH OF OMAHA, SUPREME CHANCELLOR, PYTHIAN SISTERHOOD.



JAMES L. FARRINGTON OF IOWA FALLS, PRESIDENT NATIONAL IMPLEMENT AND VEHICLE DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

of Iowa Falls and has been engaged in the business nearly a third of a century. He is a close student of all matters pertaining to his line of business and the big interests represented by the federation, and stands high in social and business circles.

"Yesterday and today on the Union Pacific" tells more than a page of text would of the change that is taking place in the civilization of the west. It is a photograph of Former Congressman John E. Osborne, president of the Carbon County Woolgrowers association, in his automobile, surrounded by Indian women from the Shoshone reservation. Mr. Osborne uses the "devil wagon" instead of the festive broncho in making his tours around his ranch and over the territory in which he is interested.

What the Elks didn't do at Salt Lake isn't yet catalogued, nor, for that matter, is all that they did do. But part at least of what happened has been embalmed by photography, and enough of the result is shown in this number to indicate that a few of the participants at least had a good time while they were in the Mormon capital, even if they did find the natives inclined to follow literally the injunction to despoil the Egyptians.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

HERE are two good stories of Admiral "Bob" Evans of the navy which some of his associates are telling: Soon after the close of the Spanish war the people of Iowa decided to present a sword to Captain Evans as a memento of his command of the battleship Iowa in the Santiago fight. The presentation was made at the home of Admiral Evans in Washington. Nearly all the prominent Iowa people in Washington were there. The affair was a social event and many ladies graced the occasion. Mrs. Evans assisted her husband in entertaining the guests and presided over the collation which was served in the dining room after the speeches were concluded. "Bob" did not make a very elaborate address, but soon after the close of the formalities he said a few words which were highly appreciated by those who heard them. "Step into this room," said the naval hero, "we'll have a cigar and a toddy." Leading the way into a cosy den Captain Evans said: "I ran out of my favorite brand of whisky yesterday and was compelled to stock up with some that I don't know much about. But here is some brandy that I do know something about; it has been in this house for more than twenty years." Turning to Representative Hull, he added: "Which will you take, governor?"

"Just hand over that whisky decanter," responded Mr. Hull.

"Why, what's the matter with the brandy?" asked Evans in a tone of surprise.

"I don't know, Bob," said Hull, "but if you have had it in the house for twenty years without drinking it there must be

something the matter with it. I'll take the whisky."

And Captain Bob retired under the roar of laughter.

The other Evans story was told by a New York man, who says he was in the vehicle. "Evans and I," said he, "engaged a chauffeur and an automobile for a ride through Central Park. After we had been riding for an hour or so the admiral said to the driver: 'You are the very man I want to talk to. I am thinking of purchasing a machine and I want the advice of some one who knows all about them. Have you had much experience?'"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the answer. "I've driv every kind of machine there is—steam, gasoline, electric and all of 'em, and I think I know 'em all from a to zard."

"Well, now, my man," said my navy friend, patronizingly, "if you were going to buy one for yourself which would you select?"

"Well, sir," replied cabbly, "I'd save up my money and buy a horse."

"Evans has not yet purchased the auto."

A former senator seated in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue hotel the other afternoon said, according to the New York Times:

"My wife and daughter had been training a negro butler in Washington for a month or more before their first reception and as the fellow was bright he learned rapidly. But they were a little fearful of some faux pas on his part before the afternoon would be over, and they were not disappointed."

"On account of our short residence in Washington we were comparative stran-

gers to most of the people calling, so Charles was told to be very particular to get the names correctly and call them out distinctly. He had been getting along beautifully, announcing the names of the visitors as they came in, until Mrs. Foote, the wife of the congressman from Vermont, and her daughters arrived. Then he announced in loud, distinct tones: "Mrs. Foote and the Misses Feet."

Dr. Herbert W. Spencer tells in the New York Tribune the following story of his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist:

"Every time we met this scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders which could be performed through faith. 'You are convinced that through faith you can do anything?' I said to him one day.

"Yes," he replied, 'faith will move mountains.'

"A week later he was in my office with a swollen jaw due to a toothache. 'What, you here!' I exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"Oh, doctor," he said, 'I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer.'

"Have you tried faith?' I said to him. 'You know you told me the other day that faith could move mountains.'

"But this is a cavity, doctor; this is a cavity."

Pat Garrett, collector of customs at El Paso, Tex., friend of President Roosevelt, slayer of "Billy the Kid," and terror of all the bad men in the southwest, was in New York recently to attend a meeting of the Government Board of Customs Appraisers, reports the New York Times. Garrett is

six feet, four inches in his stockings, long and lean, and his dress is that of the typical westerner.

It was his first visit to the metropolis, and when he got off the ferry at Cortland street he went up to a policeman and asked the way to his hotel. The guardian of the city's peace looked at the lanky Texan a moment. "Three blocks ahead and up on a Broadway car," he said. "But, my friend, let me advise you to hold on tight to that grip there. There's lots of fellows in this city looking for marks like you."

And the policeman couldn't understand why Garrett laughed.

The following story is told of Mr. Coleman of Kansas, republican nominee for attorney general, and Mr. Garver, late judge of the appellate court:

Coleman and Garver were opposing attorneys in a case on trial in Clay county. "Your honor," said Coleman in an argument on a new point, "in support of this proposition I desire to read a decision of the court of appeals, a decision for which my friend, Mr. Garver, has great respect."

"That decision was rendered after I quit the bench," said Judge Garver quickly.

"Then, your honor," continued Coleman with deliberation, "it is a decision for which I have great respect."

Mr. Thomas A. Edison is one of the hardest workers in this country, relates the Saturday Evening Post. He is never willing to leave his laboratory. The only way Mrs. Edison manages to get him to go to his home when he is engaged on a problem is to come after him.

A good story is told which illustrates his

devotion to work. A man who desired an interview on an important matter went to see Mr. Edison one day. He found the inventor in a dentist's chair undergoing a painful operation on his teeth.

"I should like to speak to you a few moments on a very important subject, Mr. Edison," the visitor said.

"All right. Go ahead and talk, but I cannot afford to give both you and the dentist a separate engagement," replied Mr. Edison at intervals while the dentist was working.

The spectacle was a curious one, to see the veteran inventor lying on his back in the laboratory with the dentist grinding away at his teeth and at the same time listening to the words of his visitor and occasionally making comments on the subject under discussion.

Mr. Edison has always been very jealous of his time and expects his employes to be equally careful lest a single minute that might yield an important invention should slip by.

A year or two ago an old friend, whose son was just starting out in life, called upon Mr. Edison and presented his son.

"My boy," said the friend, "is about to start on his business career. Now, I would like you to give him a few words of advice and a motto which he can adopt in his work."

Mr. Edison was very busy at the time with half a dozen engagements pressing, but, looking up at the big dial of the clock in the laboratory and shaking the young man's hand warmly, he said, with a smile that is peculiarly his own:

"Young man, the best advice I can give you is, Never look at the clock."